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Emily Hammond.

AN INTERESTING AMERICAN TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

After spending three days with Mr. Drey, my anxiety to see the poor stranger at Boston, led me again to that town. Everard was at leisure, and asked leave to accompany me. We reached the city late in the morning; and while Everard was engaged in conversation with some gentleman of his acquaintance at the coffee-house, I rode directly to Mrs. Barlow's.—That good woman saw me alighting, and met me at the door: "I am glad thou art come, but I have sad news for thee:—thy poor girl is sick—sick, I fear, past recovery. On the evening after thy departure for thy friend Drey's, she seemed highly feverish, and begged to retire immediately after tea, she rested little; and on enquiring after her health in the morning, I sent instantly for a physician; and from his opinion I find we have little to hope. She inquires anxiously for thee when her recollection is perfect; but since yesterday noon she has been almost constantly delirious. This morning she asked to see her infant, which had been placed with a nurse: the poor babe itself ill, and we strove to evade her inquiry. After repeatedly urging the pathetick request, "Let me, let me see my child—my poor friendless babe!" she wildly cried—"Oh! they have sent it—they have sent it to the hospital!" Her frenzy alarmed us, and we put the child into her arms: She hugged it fondly to her bosom, and said in a low voice: "My sweet little Mary! your mother is dying! could your father see us now! but hush—he lives somewhere here: he will say we followed him, troubled him, disgraced him!—Oh no, not for the world would we have him say that! But where is the good man who saved us? Has he forsaken us too? How kind he looked! He is an old man too—he forsake my poor Mary! No, no!" soon after this she fell asleep; we expect her to awake in her perfect senses, and then I shall wish thee to see her immediately."

Everard now joined us, and we were

seating ourselves at dinner, an elderly gentleman in a quaker's dress, was introduced, and welcomed by Mrs. Barlow as on old and valued friend.—"Friend Hammond," said the worthy woman, "it is many long years since I shook thy hand last; I am glad to see thee; but thou hast come to a house of mourning!"

"Mourning, sister! my own heart is a house of mourning; but for whom art thou afflicted!"

"For the poor and the stranger; a lovely young woman, a guest in my house, is now on the bed of death!"

"My poor Emily is among strangers too!" replied the venerable mourner, drying the bitter drop of sorrow from his furrowed cheek. "Oh sister," added he, "I would not trouble others with my griefs; but the Almighty "hath dealt very bitterly with me." Thou wilt remember that when my business compelled me to visit India, I removed my wife, and infant daughter to the house of my brother in Philadelphia My sufferings abroad I will not mention: shipwreck, sickness, and captivity kept me from my native land for ten long years; but heaven blessed my labours with abundant increase, and but now I had returned with the soothing hope of sharing the bounties of Providence with my beloved family; but my wife is dead, and my daughter—oh sister! my sweet litle Emily is—lost; ruined, eloped from her friends! fled perhaps from disgrace and life together, with all her sins on her head!"

"Who! Emily Hammond?" inquired Everard in breathless agitation.

"Yea, my good young friend, didst thou know my child?

"God of mercy!" groaned Everard, and sunk senseless on the floor.

We assisted him into the next room and placed him on a bed; but before he had recovered so far as to permit any inquiry after the cause of his emotion, the nurse came from above stairs with a request from the physician who was then attending, that Mrs. Barlow would walk above. She complied immediately; but after a minutes' absence she returned in tears.

"Friend Hammond! wilt thou comfort the dying? Friend J. the moments of thy poor girl are "numbered and well-nigh finished;" she wishes to bless thy kindness with her parting breath!"

Everard had now recovered, and requested to be left alone; and myself and Mr. Hammond followed Mrs. Barlow to the room of the dying stranger. The curtains of the bed were partly drawn, and we had approached close before she observed us. "My father!" with a faint scream was heard from the bed. Mr. Hammond fell on his knees by the bed-side, and groaned in anguish: "My child! my poor lost Emily! Oh my sainted Mary! is this our daughter: is this all I have left of thee! Do I find our little prattling Emily thus! Father of mercies!—strengthen me to thy chastening! my child! my child! art thou gone!" The poor sufferer had fainted, and our utmost efforts could hardly rekindle the feeble spark of life in her exhausted frame. She opened her eyes at length, and with a long-drawn sob exclaimed, "My father! forgive me!"

"Forgive thee my child! I bless thee! heaven forgive and bless thee as freely as thy father!"

"It is enough! Everard I forgive you."

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An explanation like this I had dreaded; but when the painful certainty left no room for better hopes, I could hardly support the shock. Everard Drey, the son of my old friend, whose constant example and whose daily lesson had been duty, had seduced from innocence and virtue a heart that loved and trusted him; and left to struggle unassisted with the accumulated miseries of grief, sickness, disgrace and penury, the loveliest victim that ever suffered on the altar of sensuality! My own life has not been unmarked with sorrows: I have mourned the loss of friends, and followed my kindred to the grave; but never did my spirit sink within me as at this moment. Ye who have hearts to feel will not ask why I weep at the recollection.

A moment's reflection determined my conduct. I went below, where I found Everard walking the room in an agitation which excited my pity. I beckoned to him, and immediately returned to the chamber; he followed me without answering.

We approached the bed of the dying Emily in silence: she cast her eyes on us, and wildly exclaimed, "Everard!—your daughter!—protect my child! I did not come to disgrace you, Everard! I felt that my days were but few; I wished to see you, to forgive you, and to die!——protect——."—She faltered; her eyes closed; and a single convulsive gasp freed her gentle soul from the sufferings of mortality!

The father watched the expiring struggle of his beloved daughter and covering his face, lifted up his soul in silent prayer to his God. Not so Everard. "Old man! mourning father!" cried he in the voice of distraction, "See here the murderer of your daughter! Emily was the child of virtue; and all the powers of hell were put in array against her! Farewell!" added he with an accent of frenzy; and instantly flew from the house.

Let me be brief. Emily's babe rests in the same grave with its mother; and her wretched father quickly decended to that place "where the wicked cease from troubling." Rumour's hundred tongues preceded my return to Mr. Drey's. My friend relapsed and died. A rapid decline hastened his beloved wife to join him. Everard is no where to be found; and amid this wide wreck of life and happiness, I seem left alone to tell the tale.

Daughter of innocence! listen to the voice of age! When the youth of thy fancy points to the flowery paths of pleasure, and with the honeyed eloquence of desire, cries, "Come, come!" fly, fly from the forbidden path, and trust not the lips that utter deceit! In thine own bosom thou hast a treacherous foe: thy heart bounds at the voice that would lure thee to destruction, and responsive answers to the syren call! Hast thou friends who would mourn thy fall? Lose not the "good name" which years of penitent virtue cannot recover! Hast thou brethren and sisters? Shall the finger of scorn be pointed at them for thy sake? Hast thou parents? Oh, why wilt thou clothe the face of thy mother with shame, and bring down the grey hairs of thy father with sorrow to the grave! Dost thou fear the God who made thee?—

Think, ere thought shall be destraction! Let thy fancy lead thee to the tomb of Emily Hammond; there read, "seventeen years——disgrace and death!" Fly—oh fly! daughter of innocence, ere the gulf of infamy open to receive thee!

Communicated for the Museum.

From the Liverpool Mercury, Jan. 12, 1816.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND,

AND MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY

Interesting Report of the only remaining Mutineer of his Britannic Majesty's Ship Bounty, and his descendants, resident on Pitcairn Island, in the Pacific Ocean. By Captain Sir T. Staines, and Captain Pipon, (R. N.) of the Briton frigate, who accidently fell in with this Island on her return last Summer to England, from the Pacific Ocean.*

"As the real position of the island [Pitcairn's] was ascertained to be so far distant from that in which it is laid down in the charts, and as the captains of the Briton and Tagus seem to have still considered it as uninhabited, they were not a little surprised, on approaching its shores, to behold plantations regularly laid out, and huts or houses more neatly constructed than those on the Marquesa Islands. When about two miles from the shore, some natives were observed bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, dashing through a heavy surf, and paddling off to the ships; but their astonishment was unbounded, at hearing one of them, on approaching the ship, call out in the English language, 'Won't you heave us a rope now?'

"The first man who got on board the Briton soon proved who they were. His name, he said, was Thursday October Christian, the first-born on the island. He was then about five-and-twenty years of age, and is described as a fine young man; about six feet high, his hair deep black, his countenance open and interesting, of a brownish cast, but free from that mixture of a reddish tint which prevails on the Pacific Islands; his only dress was a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw hat, ornamented with the black feathers of the domestic fowl. "With a great share of good humour," says Captain Pipon, "we were glad to trace in his benevolent countenance all the features of an honest English face."—"I must confess," he continues, "I could not survey this interesting person without feelings of tenderness and compassion."—His companion was named George Young, a fine youth of 17 or 18 years of age.

"If the astonishment of the Captains was great on hearing their first salutation in English, their surprise and interest were not a little increased on Sir Thomas Staines taking the youths below, and setting before them something to eat, when one of them rose up, and placing his hands together in a posture of devotion, distinctly repeated, and in a pleasing tone and manner—"For what we are going to

* This Mutiny, headed by a petty officer of the name of Christian, took place about 30 years ago, near the island of Otaheite; to which place the mutineers first took the ship. Capt. Bligh, and those who would not join in the mutiny, they turned adrift, in the long boat, to find their way across the wide Pacific Ocean; which they providentially effected, after suffering the greatest trials from hunger and the perils of the great deep in an open boat---with the loss of several of their companions. It would appear that Christian afterwards took the ship to the above almost inaccessible island where the only surviving Mutineer was found with his little colony. *Ed.*

receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

"They expressed great surprise on seeing a cow on board the Briton, and were in doubt whether she was a great goat or a horned sow.

"The two captains of his Majesty's ships accompanied these young men on shore. With some difficulty, and a good wetting, and with the assistance of their conductors, they accomplished a landing through the surf, and were soon after met by John Adams, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, who conducted them to his house. His wife accompanied him, a very old lady, blind with age.—He was at first alarmed, lest the visit was to apprehend him; but on being told they were perfectly ignorant of his existence, he was relieved from his anxiety.—Being once assured that the visit was of a peaceable nature, it is impossible to describe the joy these poor people manifested on seeing those whom they were pleased to consider as their countrymen. Yams, cocoa-nuts, and other fruits, with fine fresh eggs, were laid before them; and the old man would have killed and dressed a hog for his visitors, but time would not allow them to partake of his intended feast.

"This interesting new colony, it seemed, now consisted of about forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, besides a number of infants. The young men, all born on the island, were very athletic, and of the finest forms; their countenances open and pleasing, indicating much benevolence and goodness of heart; but the young women were objects of particular admiration, tall, robust, and beautifully formed, their faces beaming with smiles and unruffled good humour, but wearing a degree of modesty and bashfulness that would do honour to the most virtuous nation on earth; their teeth, like ivory, were regular and beautiful, without a single exception and all of them, both male and female, had the most marked English features.

"The clothing of the young females consisted of a piece of linen reaching from the waist to the knees, and generally a sort of mantle thrown loosely over the shoulders, and hanging as low as the ancles; but this covering appeared to be intended chiefly as a protection against the sun and weather, as it was frequently laid aside.

Their native modesty, assisted by a sense of religion and morality, instilled into their youthful minds by John Adams, has hitherto preserved these interesting people perfectly chaste, and free from all kinds of debauchery. Adams assured the visitors, that since Christian's death there had not been a single instance of any young woman proving unchaste, nor any attempt at seduction on the part of the men. They all labour while young in the cultivation of the ground, and when possessed of a sufficient quantity of cleared land and of stock to maintain a family, they are allowed to marry, but always with the consent of Adams, who unites them by a marriage ceremony of his own.

"The greatest harmony prevailed in the little society; their only quarrels, and these rarely happened, being, to use their own expression, "quarrels of the mouth:" they are honest in their dealings, which consist of bartering different articles for mutual accommodation.

"Their habitations are extremely neat. The little village of Pitcairn forms a pretty square, the houses at the upper end of which are occupied by the patriarch John Adams, and his family, consisting of his old blind wife, and three daughters, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and a boy of eleven; a daughter of his wife by her former husband, and a son-in-law. On the opposite side is the dwelling of Thursday October Christian; and in the centre, is a smooth verdant lawn, on which the poultry are let loose, fenced in so as to prevent the intrusion of the domestic quadrupeds.

"Adams's house consisted of two rooms, and the windows had shutters to pull to at night. The younger part of the sex are, as before stated, employed with their brothers, under the direction of Adams, in the culture of the ground, which produced cocoa-nuts, bananas, the bread fruit tree, yams, sweet potatoes, and turnips. They have also plenty of hogs and goats. The woods abound with a species of wild hog, and the coasts of the island, with several kinds of good fish.

"Their agricultural implements are made by themselves from the iron supplied by the Bounty, which with great labour, they beat out into spades, hatchets, &c. This was not all: the good old man kept a regular journal, in which was entered the nature and quantity of work performed by each family, what each had received, and what was due on account:—there was, it seems, besides private property, a sort of general stock, out of which articles were issued on account to the several members of the community: and for mutual accommodation, exchanges of one kind of provision for another were very frequent, as salt for fresh provisions, vegetables and fruit, for poultry, fish, &c; also, when the stores of one family were low, or wholly expended, a fresh supply was raised from another, or out of the general stock, to be repaid when circumstances were more favourable; all of which were carefully noted down in John Adams's journal.

"But what was most gratifying of all to the visitors, was the simple and unaffected manner in which they returned thanks to the Almighty for the many blessings they enjoyed. They never failed to say grace before and after meals, to pray every morning at sun-rise, and they frequently repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. It was truly pleasing" says captain Pipon, "to see these poor people so well disposed to listen so attentively to moral instruction, to believe in the attributes of God, and to place their reliance on Divine goodness." The day on which the two Captains landed, was Saturday the 17th September; but by John Adams's account, it was Sunday the 18th, and they were keeping the Sabbath by making it a day of rest and of prayer. This was occasioned by the Bounty having proceeded thither by the eastern route, and our frigates having gone to the westward; and the Topaz found them right according to his own reckoning, she having also approached the island from the eastward.—Every ship from Europe, proceeding to Pitcairn's Island, round the Cape of Good Hope, will find them a day later, as those who approach them round Cape Horn, a day in advance, as was

the case with Captain Folner, and the Captains Sir T. Staines and Pipon.

Captain Pipon supplied them with some tools, kettles, and other articles, such as the high surf would permit them to land, but to no great extent; many things are still wanting for their ease and comfort. The descendants of these people, by keeping up the Otaheitan language, which the present race speak fluently, might be the means of civilizing the multitudes of fine people scattered over the innumerable islands of the great Pacific. We have only to add that Pitcairn's Island seems to be so fortified by nature, as to oppose an invincible barrier to an invading enemy; there is no spot, apparently, where a boat can land with safety; and, perhaps, not more than one where it can land at all; an everlasting swell of the ocean rolls in on every side, and breaks into foam against its rocky and iron-bound shores.

From the Academic Recreations.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS was descended from one of the most distinguished families in *Athens*. His ancestors stood foremost in the glorious victory of *Plataea*, and their descendants had since been distinguished for their bravery in arms, and their cultivation of science and literature in peace; for their valor against the foes of their country in the embattled field, and their encouragement and patronage of the votaries of the muses, when the blast of war was no longer heard and its tumultuous waves had subsided into a calm. Few young men ever entered on the voyage of life, with brighter prospects and more favouring breezes; few had better prospects of attaining the port in peace, of being the object of the admiration and respect of their countrymen, and leaving behind them an imperishable record. Nature, as if willing to lend her aid to promote the happiness of *Lycidas*, had bestowed on him every physical endowment both of mind and body which falls to the lot of frail humanity. Vanity, that baneful weed which finds nourishment in almost every bosom, never reared its pernicious leaves in his breast. On the contrary, he had not a sufficient opinion of his own powers to make him command respect; and to maintain that independence of character, which enables its possessor to look with contempt upon adversaries, whose only qualifications for the work of detraction are envy and hatred; to repel every idle shaft which may proceed from the poisoned quiver of malice; to crush with as much ease as did the infant Hercules the venomous reptile, all the hissing serpents whose sole joy consists in darting their poison into the breast of superior worth, and endeavouring to obscure that lustre they despair of being able to equal. A deep shade of melancholy was also diffused over this young man's disposition. Almost any one in his situation would have been excusable, if he had been sanguine in his hopes of existence. But not so *Lycidas*:—the least disappointment, the slightest barrier, was an insurmountable obstacle to his desponding nature. The season of the *Games* approached, when all the youth of *Greece* who were remarkable for their skill in any of the five exercises, began to prepare for a trial of their powers and to glow with a hope of dis-

tinction and of favor. *Lycidas* too, yoked his fleet coursers to the chariot, and felt his bosom warm with the desire of outstripping his rivals; "but," thought he, "why need I present myself in the lists where so many will be found whose reputation is already established?—Shall I toil and labor only to be defeated? Shall my fondest expectations be raised, only to be blasted forever?—Besides of what avail will my exertions be, since fate, inexorable fate, hath decreed already who shall be the victor? The die is cast. It is not the swiftness of the steed, the skill of the charioteer which decides the contest—The thrice stern sisters have already established the issue of the course."

This doctrine of fatality, in which the ancients so blindly believed, was one on which he often dwelt. This vain and ridiculous sophistry was the bane of every hope, the antidote to every enjoyment.

The important day at length came. Thousands of spectators assembled to witness the contest. The fiery steeds could scarce be restrained within the barriers by the scarce less fiery combatants—expectation filled every bosom, and not a sound broke the silence with which the vast multitude awaited the issue. The race began. Already the coursers of *Lycidas* were seen to fly across the plain, they scarce appeared to touch, already he beheld himself beyond all his antagonists. The chariot of *Cleanthes* was close behind—His steeds began to gain upon those of *Lycidas*. At this moment the friends of the latter anxiously watched the scene; but what was their disappointment when *Lycidas* appeared to lose half the fire with which he commenced the race, when the chariot of his rival was seen to come up with his, and his steeds at one bound to gain the goal!

Smarting with his recent and deep felt wound, incensed with himself and all the world, *Lycidas* walked out of the city ruminating on the misfortunes of the day. "Life," said he, "may be compared to a race in which all are engaged. With rapid strides we all approach the goal which fate has destined us to reach;—Glory, honor, riches, pomp and power, are unsubstantial forms and fleeting phantasms, which cross our path, only to lure us to destruction, and plunge us headlong from our seats, and then forever to elude our grasp! What is that for which we pant so ardently, to which we devote our existence? To acquire which we strain every nerve and exert every faculty of mind and body? What is it when possessed? A pillar of vapor, which the winds of heaven shall scatter to the four corners of the world. Its loss is attended with shame, mortification and anxiety. Deluding phantom! Why did I stretch out my hand to arrest thy visionary form? Why did I pant, despond, despair, for thee, a shadow of a shade! And after all, if pleasure were to be found on earth—if the roses of happiness bloomed without a thorn, since *fate* has fixed the period of all earthly enjoyment, when eternity shall set its seal upon man's mortal career, of what importance will it be in that last hour how we have lived? Whether we have walked upon the flinty and rugged rock which continually lacerates the traveller's feet, or trod in paths where the flowrets of

pleasure bloom in continual verdure? When the gloomy banks of Styx shall meet our eyes, and the dull moan of Lethe's sullen waves resound in our ears, we shall be alike indifferent to the past. My destiny is determined—I submit to *fate*."

Thus he poured forth the meditations of his morbid heart, as he wandered over fields which nature had decked with all her gayest attire. He looked around—every thing was cheerful—every thing discordant to the tone of his feelings. A venerable old man, whose beard of snow descended to his waist, suddenly appeared before the dejected youth, and thus addressed him: 'Young man, I have heard thy soliloquy, and pity thy condition. Behold, all nature smiles; every flowret opens its leaves and wafts its fragrance to the air; the feathered choristers pour forth their notes from every spray; the zephyrs temper with their refreshing coolness the genial warmth of the sun. The streamlets bubble over their pebbled beds; all nature rejoices and appears to praise the gods; and thou, whom they have gifted with a spark of celestial fire and heavenly origin, marrest with thy complaints the general harmony. My son, hear the words of experience. The doctrine on which you appear to brood with gloomy satisfaction, is inconsistent with the dictates of reason and the justice of heaven. Seek not to scrutinize her decrees. This know, that in the pursuit of virtue, pleasure will ever spring up which never palls. The love of praise is sweet—it is dear to the human breast. Seek then by being of benefit to mankind to make yourself revered and honoured. You will find that *fame* is not altogether unsubstantial.—You will find the wreaths she entwines around the brows of the good, the sweetest treasures earth can ever bestow. Your reasoning is not altogether incorrect, but you carry your melancholy thoughts too far—you build upon a wrong foundation. What is this *fate* of which you talk? Do you not feel yourself to be *Free?* If you say, I will raise my arm, does not the action follow immediately the volition? Consciousness proclaims the absurdity of the doctrine. My son, awake from the stupor of inactivity and morbid melancholy! Rouse from this lethargy of the noblest faculties, and assert the dignity of your nature. So when your spirit shall glide over the tremendous river of hell, the stern and implacable judge shall bid you welcome to the realms of the blessed, and the fields of Elysium be your eternal habitation!"

So spake the venerable sage—and the youth acquiesced in the force of his assertions. Persuaded by his dignified and irresistible eloquence, he begged to receive instruction from his lips, followed his counsels, and added new lustre to the honors of his ancestors. F

ANECDOTE.

Some years ago a fellow was sentenced in Denbigshire, to be cropt for perjury. When the executioner came to fulfil the sentence of the law, he found that the prisoner had undergone that punishment already, which threw the hangman into a passion—"What the deuce!" said the convict, cooly, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears, every time I am sentenced to be cropt?"

VARIETY.

A BEGGAR AND HIS CHILD.

A beggar man, apparently very old, and in great distress, with a child in his arms, came into the public house, Mount-street, Grosvenor square, on Sunday se'night, and begged alms with great earnestness. A young man in the house at the time, suspecting that all was not right, took hold of the child, when immediately the head came off, and discovered it to be plaster of Paris After shaking the old man a little, an old red wig fell off, and discovered him to be a young man about thirty. He begged very hard to get off, without asking any damages for the loss of his child and wig, and was turned out of the house.—*Lon. pap.*

SIR JOHN CUTLER.

He was well known as a complete miser. He boasted that Providence had shewed him peculiar favour, in causing his nativity on the 29th February, so that he had but one birth-day to keep in four years.

AMBITION.

"I believe (says an eminent writer) one great source of our misconduct, is owing to a certain stimulus with us, called ambition, which goads us up the hill of life, not as we ascend other eminences, for the laudable curiosity of viewing an extended landscape but rather for the distant pride of looking down on others of our fellow-creatures seemingly diminutive in humbler stations."

A young gentleman who was extolling a lady's beauty very much, one of his companions allowed that she had very fine features, but a wretched set of teeth; "very true" said the first, "but she is a fine woman *in spite of her teeth.*"

A person of no great liberality, accusing, in a public company, the Irish nation as being the most unpolished nation possible, an Irish Gentleman, whose country was unknown to the former, mildly replied—"It ought to be otherwise, for the Irish meet with hard-rubs enough to polish any nation in the world."

The squire of a certain village being lately at dinner, allowed one of his tenants to stand while he conversed with him. "What news, my friend?" said the squire—"None that I know of," replied the farmer, "except that a sow of mine has pigged *thirteen pigs* and she has only twelve teats." What will the thirteenth do?" asked the landlord.—"As I do," returned Hodge, "*it will look on while the others eat.*"

MONITORIAL.

Awake, O my soul! to praise and bless thy God and Benefactor. It is now that begins again that charming season, which opens such an agreeable prospect before us, and makes amends for the sad winter days that are past. The spring approaches every day, and with it a thousand pleasures and innumerable blessings. How many have wished to live to see the renewal of nature, and to recover, in the fine days of spring, from all they had suffered during winter But they have not had the consolation to see this day, and their lives were ended before the winter was over. More favoured than many millions of my fellow-creatures, who have been carried off by death, I still live, and may indulge the joy with which spring inspires me. But how often have I seen this season without thinking of the goodness of my Creator, without opening my heart to gratitude and love! And perhaps this is the last spring I shall see upon earth. Perhaps before the next equinox returns, I shall be in my grave. Let this thought lead me to feel, so much the more touched with the goodness of my Creator; to enjoy, with more circumspection, the pleasures of spring; and to redeem with more care, every moment of this transitory life.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ZIDON AND KEZIA.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

SAD is the scene of havoc, far and near;
See yon frail barks that on the wave appear,
Half torn asunder by the ruthless storm,
Each a vain refuge for its owner's form.
Sad, dying shrieks ascend the gale of heaven,
As onward in their course those barks are driven,
While still to add to anguish and despair,
The lofty ark unhurt the waters bear.
Some plunge unheading in the gulf below,
Their struggles vain to save a life of woe;
On some small hill that yet o'ertops the wave
Some mother wildly seeks her child to save;
Alas! she only folds it to her breast
To feel its latest pang, then sinks to rest!

The floods increase; one hill alone uprears
Its awful brow, and there each vessel steers;
Yet all in vain;—the rugged billows spurn
From the dark rock the barks that thither turn,
Save one alone—the lovers, lo! it holds,
And ZIDON's arm his KEZIA still enfolds,
They reach the hill, and flying from below
Toward the summit of the mount they go.

Two days alone, they watched the waters rise,
No living being longer met their eyes,
Black, swollen corses floated o'er the main,
And wrecks of barks that braved the surge in vain!
On the third day, exhausted nature more
Could not support—the strife was nearly o'er;—
For two long days they'd watched with tears the ark
A sure asylum on the billows dark,
Fell famine preyed upon each lovely form
So bright and joyous ere the dreadful storm,
Beneath their feet the rapid waters rose—
Another hour and they will find repose!

* * * * *

See how they weep!—oh! 'ti's a dreadful sight,
E'en now the waters rise to near their height!
And KEZIA cried—"oh ZIDON, shall we die
"Without one hope to cleave the azure sky?
"Oh that thy soul had been less full of pride,
"So had we 'scaped this desolation wide!"
—"My love, my fondest love!"—the chief replied—
"Pardon the errors of a sinful heart—
"O pray to heaven for me, before we part!"

The maiden knelt upon the mountain height,
A lovely angel in the storm of night,
And ere she closed her supplicating prayer
Th' approaching waves to life gave dark depair.
She rose, she fell in ZIDON's faithful arms—
"Farewell!" she cried—"beyond these dire alarms
"Perhaps in other realms we yet may meet,
"Where sin and woe no more shall mock our feet,
"Where flowers celestial shall their incense pour
"On the bright land, and on the sunny shore!
"Farewell a space! see how the billows heave,
"Weep not my ZIDON, cease to mourn and grieve,
"One struggle more and all shall pass away,
"This earthly scene, this sublunary day!
"Soon shall our corses on the wave be hurled
"The sport and victims of a deluged world,
"Sad shall the winds of heaven howl o'er their grave,
"The wide spread main, the desolating wave!
"See where yon vessel rides! she braves the surge
"And bears her crew to earth's remotest verge,
"To lands perchance, where sunny islands bloom,
"And fragrant groves diffuse a sweet perfume,
"While we, sad tenants of the murd'rous deep,
"Shall on the rocking billow harshly sleep,
"And vultures, ravenous in the stormy sky
"Feed on our corses, ere they with us die!

"Farewell! I go---oh heaven, receive my soul---
"I come to thee---I leave this ocean's roll!"

The maiden sunk; and as she sunk, the surge
Swept her, half senseless from the mountain's verge.
One moment ZIDON cast around his gaze,
Wild roared the wave---one moment more he stays,
Then plunges reckless in the eddying wave,
Sunk on her corse, and kist the watery grave!
The sullen billow hides the mountain rock,
The stormy blasts their darkest powers unlock,
And sweep impetuous in their dreadful way
The hapless victims of that dismal day!

LORIENT.

INSCRIPTION

For a spring of fresh Water, lately enclosed for the accommodation of Travellers, near Alfreston, Hants, (England) over which is inscribed on a small board the words

"ADAM'S ALE."

ERE Adam first, in Eden's grove,
Woo'd Eve in strains of artless love,
And told his tender tale;
I sprung beneath my Maker's hand,
And smoothly flow'd at his command,
Through that delightful vale.

When love and innocence combin'd,
The happy pair in Eden join'd,
I witnessed all their bliss;
And when beneath the shady bowers,
Eve gather'd on my banks the flowers
I snatch'd a parting kiss.

When noontide heat came fiercely on,
And from the daily spangled lawn
Those lovers sought the shade;
A sweet refreshing draught they took,
Knelt on the margin of the brook,
And Heaven with thanks repaid.

All you who prize that blessing HEALTH,
A gem more dear than worlds of wealth,
Come listen to my tale;
Learn that each beverage made by art;
Conveys a poison to the heart,
Drink only "ADAM'S ALE."

From the Commercial Advertiser.

ON THE FATE OF THE
UNITED STATES SLOOP L'EPERVIER.

Supposed to be lost on her passage home from the Mediterranean.

BEFORE the stars of Liberty
The crescent hid her head,
The thunders of their victory,
She heard afar with dread;
And when the foe she dar'd was near,
In tame submission quell'd her fear.

But where is that brave bark that bore
The tidings of success?
She left behind the failing shore
On ocean fathomless—
Joy bade the welcome breezes blow,
And rapture sat upon the prow.

The wheels of time have ceasless roll'd
That mock the dreams of man,
Majestic as in days of old,
When erst their march began—
Why does that gallant bark yet stay;
Why stops she on her gladsome way?

Days, weeks and months, have fled to join
The years beyond the flood,
Nor mortal might, nor power divine,
Can call them where they stood.
That gallant bark has heard her doom,
She comes not---and she may not come!

Thou' who hast seen, when in the hour,
That tried the dauntless brave,
That mock'd the boast of human power,
All impotent to save,
The sailor cast a hopeless eye
To threatning waves and frowning sky!

The ties of friendship---nature---love---
All, all have own'd thy might,
They cried aloud, but could not move,
And sunk in one dark night.
Despair around her mantle flung,
Their dirge, the storms that whelm'd them sung.

For them, no dear and honor'd hand
Shall close the failing ball,
When gath'ring round, the gloomy band
Of death the soul appal;

Nor earth by Christian footsteps hallow'd,
Receive the corse the deep has swallow'd.

In caves, dark, desolate and drear,
The gallant and the gay,
The forms so lov'd and cherish'd here,
Are rav'ning monster's prey.
Each bond of love and sorrow burst,
Yes tyrant! thou' hast done thy worst!

Yet is thy power almighty then,
Omnipotent on earth?
Destroyer of the sons of men,
Of beauty and of worth.
And shall oblivion's sable cloud
That hid their fate, their memory shroud?

O no! the gem that in the beds
Where slumber all the brave,
In vain its mellow lustre sheds
Upon the envious wave.
Transplanted to a royal shrine,
With brighter lustre ne'er shall shine.

Brave bird! thy wings have fail'd to soar,
Thine eyes were closed for e'er,
The shades of death came black'ning o'er
And horror brooded near---
But she whose pinions never tire,
Shall bear thee on her wings of fire!

TYRO.

MY NATIVE VALE.

"*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata hic nemus.*"—VIRGIL.

To every heart that knows a generous glow,
That owns the bliss affection's force portrays,
There is *one spot* more dear than all below,
'Tis the lov'd play-place, of his early days.

There sportive fancy, wing'd by feeling's power,
In pensive pleasure, hovers o'er the scene,
Lingers delighted round his favourite bower,
Or wantons ravish'd on the neighb'ring green.

There he reviews, on memory's faithful page,
The dear delights his first-born moments knew,
Recalls the transports of his boyish age,
And seems to live those halcyon hours anew.

Dear Vale! on whose variegated breast,
The gilded joys of life's glad morning smil'd,
When all my rising cares were sooth'd to rest,
And nature's beauties ev'ry pang beguil'd.

What though no pillar'd fabric's awful dome,
Nor glittering spires adorn my native seat;
Still the dear thought that once it was my home,
Adds new endearments to the calm retreat.

There, first, when climbing up the clifted height,
That bounds the scene of youth's departed days,
The charms of nature woke a new delight,
And rural beauties fix'd my eager gaze.

Beside the brook that winds its devious way
Through the rich mead, along the length'n'd vale,
Enraptur'd first, I sung the rural lay,
And gave my artless numbers to the gale.

There, too, reclin'd beneath a hazle grove,
Long since neglected by the careless throng,
I felt the tumults of inspiring love,
And in soft transport, wove an amorous song.

But oh, how chang'd, since life's first dawn has fled!
Are the dear features of its blissful scene;
How many slumber with the silent dead,
Who erst in childhood frolick'd on the green.

A mother, too, beneath the cypress shade,
Whose verdant branches spread a kindred gloom,
In peaceful, silent solitude is laid,
Where rural virtues have a rural tomb.

Yet all adieu! a more enlarged sphere
Invites me hence, unwilling to depart:
Accept, dear Vale! a tributary tear,
The free oblation of a feeling heart.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1816.

Intelligence.

A Spanish 90 gun-ship with two American officers and 60 Seamen on board, was lost near Algiers, in a gale of wind, on her passage down the Streights, when in company with the Constellation frigate. The seamen, it appears belonged to the American squadron in the Mediteranean, and were generously assisting the Spaniards in working their ship down.

John Swayne, alias Swiney, accused as a British subject of entering the American service on board the frigate Essex in the late war, has been tried and convicted in England, and sentenced to death: but recommended to mercy.

A letter from an officer on board the U. S frigate U. States, to his friend in Philadelphia, dated Jan 1, 1816, says, that Gen. Castanos who so bravely defended Saragossa from the French, and against whom he on many other occasions crowned the arms of his cold-hearted country with success—*That* Castanos left this port yesterday, with a number of other prisoners, chained and in irons, to serve as a private soldier for ten years on the coast of Barbary.—Alas, how unforeseen are the events of this transitory life ! !"

A phial has been taken up on the shore near the Texel, containing a note, dated Feb. 13, 1815, and signed Wandorf, of the following import—"The ship Concord has been cast away on the coast of Madagascar, where we shall all perish—I pray the person into whose hands this Phial may chance to fall, to make the present known to all our good friends and parents."

The Prince Regent is said to have purchased of gen. Kellerman, for 3000 guineas, the superb carriage of Bonaparte, taken by that officer at the battle of Waterloo.

A dreadful crime was lately committed near Gramont in France. A woman 50 years of age, the mother of seven children, was inhumanly tortured by a farmer who suspected her of sorcery, because his daughter was taken ill. The story is horrible. They burnt her legs, feet, and thighs on a slow fire, and she was tortured for three hours. When they thought her at the point of death, they yielded to her prayers for a priest; and went for one, by which the poor creature was saved from immediate death; but it was thought impossible that she should survive. The wretches were imprisoned.

A late English paper, speaking of Gass Lights in London, observes, that already Sixteen Miles of Gass Light Pipes have been laid down; and that nothing can succeed better than the illumination by Gass.

The Georgia Journal of the 28th ult. on the authority of a gentleman direct from the Mississippi Territory, reports that on the 8th February. Col. Daniel Johnson of Chickasaw Bluffs, Major Powel, Mr. M'Claskey, and their servants, while exploring the lands on the Alabama, included in the late cession from the Creeks, were fired upon by a party of Indians in ambush, and all killed, excepting Major Powel, who narrowly escaped after a pursuit of several miles and being repeatedly shot at.

A colonel in the U. S. army, writes to his friend in Richmond, under date of March 18, "that we are going to have a Creek war to a certainty. I take with me eight companies of infantry, and one of artillery.—It seems both the hostile and friendly Chiefs object to running the line agreeably to Jackson's treaty. Gen. Gaines has entered the nation to run the line, "Peaceably if he can, forcibly if he must."

The Albany Gazette of March 19, cautions people to be on their guard in the purchase of brown sugar, as several barrels, grossly adulterated with a very large proportion of plaster of

Paris, ave recently been sold in that city, both at auction and at private sale. The fraud is only discovered by mixing some of it with water, when the plaster may be discovered at the bottom of the glass.

Accounts from Rio Janeiro state, that on the 17th Dec. last, Brazil was declared a kingdom, and of course the seat of a new one on this side the Atlantic.

Merit Rewarded—The sharer of the last eighth of the high prize of $25,000 appeared at Allen's Lottery-Office, in this city, in the person of a soldier, with a wooden leg, being all that he brought out of the late army with him, and received his money for it.

Dispatch of Business. A Mr. B. (calling himself the son of a public character A———y) came to town on Saturday last—visited the theatre in the evening, and was there smitten by a lady—on Sunday visited the lady—on Monday went with her to the house of the rev. Mr. B. and was married—but mistaking and carrying off the clergyman's gold watch for his own cane, which he left on the mantle-piece, was arrested by the police and sent to Bridewell instead of the nuptial chamber—on Tuesday was indicted—and before the week is out will have completed his chapter of incidents, and secured himself a situation where he will be safe, from all the vicissitudes of dramatic recreation, love, matrimony, and light fingered mistakes, for three years at least to come.—*Col.*

☞ Our readers are requested to correct an error in the article "*Hope*" in the 285th page, 4th verse—4th and 5th line; read *wane* instead of *wave*.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the right rev. Bishop Hobart, Mr. Alexander J C Hamilton, to Miss Eliza Ann Perris, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Milledollar Major D. G. D. Smith, of the U. S. army, to Miss Mary C. Bleecker, daughter of William Bleecker, Esq. of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Labach, Mr. Samuel Bloomer, to Mrs. Jane Lear, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Lodowick, Prentiss, of New-London, to Miss Eliza Stockwell, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Samuel P Hallet, (of the firm of Hallet and Marsh, Merchants) to Miss Ann Maria Myers, daughter of James J. Myers, Esq. of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Washburn, Mr. Isaac F. Bragg, of Whitehaven, to Miss Sally H. Royce, of this city.

Obituary.

The City-Inspector Reports the death of 57 persons in this City, for the week ending on Saturday the 16th of March, 1816, of the following Diseases:

Apoplexy 3; consumption 16; convulsions 4; cramp in the stomach 2; dropsy 1; dropsy in the head 1; drowned 1; dysentery 1; fever remittent 1; typhus fever 2; pleurisy 2; pneumonia typhodes 1; rheumatism 1; schrofula or kings evil 1; small-pox 5; still born 1; stranguary 1; sudden death 1; syphilis 1; tales mesenterica 1; teething 1; unknown 1; whooping cough 1, worms 1; —Total 57.

DIED,

Mrs. Elizabeth Swartwout, aged 74.

Mr. Henry Titus, aged 32.

Mr John Cochran.

Suddenly Mrs. Catharine Fairchild.

Flamen Ball, Esq.

Mrs. Frances Tree, relict of the late Mr. Robert Tree, printer, in the 22d year of her age.

Miss Julia Staples, daughter of the late Mr. John Staples.

Mr. John Vredenburgh, aged 38 years.

Mrs. Tamar Haviland, aged 77 years, mother in law to the Editor of the Evening Post.

At his seat in Georgetown, (Md.) Thomas Turner, Esq. accountant of the Navy department.

At Halifax N. S. in the 82d year of his age, and 58th of his ministry, the Right Rev. and Hon. Charles Inglis, Bishop of that Diocese, a most worthy character. After an evening spent in his family, with more than usual health and cheerfulness, he enjoyed an undisturbed and tranquil sleep for six hours—he arose at his usual time, in great composure, and while dressing, sunk upon his bed and was at rest in an instant, without a pain, an effort, or a sigh.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF HYPOCHONDRIA.

A wealthy Swiss farmer much affected with hypochondria came to Langenau to consult the celebrated Michael Schuppach, better known by the appellation of the *mountain doctor*. "I have seven devils in my belly," said he; "no fewer than seven." "There are more than seven" replied the doctor with the utmost gravity; "if you count them right you will find eight" After questioning the patient concerning his case, he promised to cure him in eight days, during which time he would every morning rid him of one of his troublesome inmates at the rate of one louis d'or each. "But," added he, "the last will be much more obstinate and difficult to expel than the others, I shall expect two louis d'ors for him." The farmer agreed to these terms; the bargain was struck, and the doctor impressing upon all present the necessity of secrecy, promised to give the nine louis d'ors to the poor of the parish. Next morning the imaginary demoniac was brought to him, and placed near a kind of machine which he had never seen before, by means of which he received an electric shock. The farmer roared out lustily—"There goes one!" said the doctor with the utmost gravity. Next day the same operation was repeated: the farmer bellowed as before, and the doctor coolly remarked; "Another is off!" In this manner he proceeded to the seventh. When he was preparing to attack the last, Schuppach reminded his patient that he now had need of all his courage, for this was the captain of the gang, who would make a more obstinate resistance than any of the others. The shock was at this time so strong as to extend the demoniac on the floor. "Now they are all gone!" said the doctor, and ordered the farmer to be put to bed. On recovering himself, the latter declared he was completely cured; he paid the nine louis d'ors with abundance of thanks, and returned in the best spirits to his village. Credible witnesses attest this extraordinary cure, which proves the acuteness of the Doctor as well as the truth of Solomon's proverb, that with the fool we must sometimes talk like a fool.

From the Massachusetts Spy.

"MOVING STONES."

A *correspondent* assures us that the story published some months since respecting the *moving stones* in New-York, is not half so incredible as a circumstance which he witnessed when a boy. He says that, when about fourteen years old, he went with several others to fish in a river in Framingham; that when they were about quitting their sport they heard a "terrible noise in the water," and looking for the cause, they saw a large stone rising from the bottom to the surface of the water, and float directly up the stream—"sometimes one side up, sometimes the other; tossing and tumbling about in an astonishing manner, until it came to a bend in the river, when the water being nearly level with the bank, it passed out upon the land." He describes the stone to have been of an oblong form, shaped at one end like a pumpkin; with other particulars for which we have not room. The stone was the next day carried to a store, and its weight was found to be 213 pounds. Our readers may be assured that our correspondent is a man of the strictest veracity; and however credulous we may be thought, we have our reasons for believing every syllable of his story to be true. Should it be questioned, we are confident he will be able to remove every shadow of doubt as to its truth.

THE MUSEUM

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